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MY CHUM JACK.

I have a chum that talks to me,
In fair or stormy weather,
And when from books and tasks I'm free
We're always seen together.
When my playmates give me the shake
I don't sit down and grumble;
I call for Jack, and we two make
A game at rough-and-tumble.

Jack is not now, and never was,
For beauty celebrated,
But "Handsome is as handsome does."
My copy-book once stated;
And though some folks may criticize
My chum in form and feature,
One look into his honest eyes
Proclaims a faithful creature.

No chum could my commands stand,
Were I a sovereign royal,
As does this staunch and honest friend—
This subject true and loyal;
And when we're rambling wood and field
Or 'neath the stars at night,
Defending me from danger.

—P. C. Fossett, in Golden Days.

ONE RAINY NIGHT.

The Moon Made a Prophecy That
Came True.

It was a rough night. The wind
blew furiously and cold; the rain came
down in torrents; thunder roared and
lightning flashed. Without the ground
was one vast sheet of water, rushing
and gurgling in its haste to seek its level.

Uncle Joe thrust aside the big double
blanket which he had tucked up for
safety at the window and peered out,
and at the same moment there was a
loud clap of thunder, followed quickly
by a vivid flash of lightning; the old
fellow put the curtain back quickly in
its place, and with dilated eyes, his
fingers in his ears, he gave a long
whistle and sought security in the
next room.

He threw himself down across the
bed, snatched a pillow over his head,
and was beginning to doze, when the
front door was opened and closed suddenly.

Jumping up, the old man looked in
great astonishment at a young woman
who was standing near the door. She
was entirely enveloped in a gray check
work quilt, from which three thick
down to the floor little streams of water.

"If it ain't Bessie Edwards you may
hang me. Bless her soul," exclaimed
Uncle Joe.

"I haven't a moment to stay, Uncle
Joe," said the young girl, hurriedly.
"I only ran in to borrow your oilcloth
coat till morning. This quilt is so
soaked with rain that its weight inter-
feres with my walking, and I have a
good distance to go."

"I am on my way for the doctor, and
when I've seen him I must go back
again to Mrs. Bell's. She is very low,
and I fear to find her dead when I re-
turn."

Uncle Joe trotted into the next room
and returned immediately with the
coat. He helped her to put it on, after
which he pressed down on her head
an old hat of his that came well down
over her ears and partly over her face.

Uncle Joe's companion, who had been
sitting so quietly up in the corner, now
came forward, and, extending his hand
to the young woman, said with a smile.

"It isn't necessary for you to go any
further looking for a doctor. I am he,
Miss Edwards, at your service."

"Well, well," said Uncle Joe, "I was
so broken up with this dear child I
forgot Dr. Harris was within forty miles.
Beg your pardon, doctor."

But the doctor was looking down at
the plucky girl beside him and waiting
for her to speak.

"Dr. Harris, Mrs. Bell needs your
services sorely. Please lose no time.
I will follow you."

"Miss Edwards," he asked, "how do
you expect to get back to Mrs. Bell's
to-night?"

"Just as I came, sir. I walked, ran,
jumped, climbed, waded and crawled.
I guess I tried every style and manner
of step and gait except that of swim-
ming."

"Well, it has rained considerably
since you passed the gully, a mile from
here, and I know positively it is so
swollen now that it will take stronger
arms than yours to swim over. If you
undertake it you will be drowned.
Don't think of so dangerous an un-
dertaking; but jump up behind me and
we'll both get there safely."

Bessie, feeling there was nothing else
to do, from the top step jumped up be-
hind, as requested.

The storm was nearly over when the
doctor and Bessie rode off, and as the
horse stumbled and splashed along the
clouds became higher and lighter,
broke and revealed the moon, which
turned her full face to one side, looked
at the pair, the maid with her hands
laid lightly on her escort's shoulder to
prevent her falling. The moon nudged
a star-winked her wise eye and
made a prophecy, while the stars
blinked and made a note of it.

The next morning Uncle Joe made
an early visit to the doctor's. He asked
about their little journey together, the
health of the patient and young lady,
and finally asked him how he liked the

little girl, and the doctor frankly de-
clared his admiration and deep friend-
ship for her, which so delighted the old
man that he arose, gave him a firm
pressure of the hand, and promised to
treat to cigars the next time they met
in town.

"She's no kin of mine, doctor, though
I wish she was. I've been here so long
that everybody calls me a uncle, and she
does like the rest."

"I've known her since she was a
young baby. Poor child! Her life ain't
been all sunflowers and blossoms. Her
pa and ma both died before she was
fourteen, and all they left her was
their house and the scrap of ground it's
settin' on."

"The first thing she did was to rent
out her house, except the two back
rooms, which she used herself, to a
family she knew well; then she put up
a seamstress' sign, and in no time she
was overrun with work."

"And when anybody was sick she al-
ways did her share of nursing, an' she
does yet. She is young for such work,
but she's better 'n' many who's older."

"When my poor wife was on her
deathbed Bessie never left her for a
minute. No, there she stayed, night and
day, doing everything she could till—
till there wasn't nothin' more to be
done."

Uncle Joe pulled his hat over his
eyes, nodded without speaking, and
went out of the door.

The young physician met his young
friend many times among the sick or
poor class of people, and always
found her doing good in some way,
just as Uncle Joe predicted.

And many a time did he take her
home in his buggy, and almost as fre-
quently he drove up to her gate and
took her for a drive, just for the pleas-
ure it gave him to be with her.

It was winter again, and the sitting-
room and fire were in demand.

It had been an unhappy week for
both of them. Dr. Harris had left
town suddenly without a word to any-
one, nor did he write during his ab-
sence.

Gossips of the little village wagged
their tongues as over a toothsome bit
of scandal. Bessie worked busily with
her hand high, her eyes bright, her red
lips smiling, and no one knew the sobs
deep down in her heart under her
bosom.

When night came she still tried to
work, but didn't accomplish much. The
sewing had been put together wrong,
the "tension" was too tight, then too
loose, the thread tangled and broke,
the needle snapped on a seam, the ma-
chine screeched and worked hard, the
band became unfastened, and the
wheel needed oiling.

There was something the matter with
everything. Her piece of sewing was
to be delivered the next day, and now
it wouldn't be finished.

Everything had gone wrong—the
world and everybody in it, so it seemed
to her as she sat down near the hearth
with her face in her hands, thinking of
the unpleasant little happenings of the
week.

And in this attitude the doctor found
her a short while later. He saw the
trace of tears on her cheeks, and with-
out asking her permission he drew her
within his arms, held her there a
moment in silence, then, looking fondly
in her face, said softly:

"Bessie, a telegram announcing my
father's sudden death called me home
for a few days. I couldn't leave any
sooner on account of my poor grief-
stricken mother, and only then by
promising to return."

"I am going to give up my practice
here, and go back home to live among
the people who have known me since
boyhood and desire that I fill my
father's place as well as I can."

"Bessie, look up, dear, and listen. I
have something to ask. I want you to
come home with me. I've thought of
this for a long time, but dared not
speak until I could offer you a better
home than you had. I can do that now.
Will you?"

The moon looked in the window,
smiled and nodded her head proudly,
because her prophecy had come true,
and the stars peeped over her shoulder,
tittered and erased the dots from their
nocturnal books.—Boston Globe.

A Fakir Traveling as Freight.

The practice of binding religious per-
sons still exists in India. An incident
occurred recently at Meerut. A fakir,
wearing nearly five pounds (four hun-
dred pounds) of iron chains and bands
on him, recently left the cantonment
station. The railway authorities de-
clined to allow him to travel as pas-
senger, but sent him as freight by
weight in spite of his argument that
native women were never charged for
their anklets and bangles. The iron
absorbed the heat so much that the
man had to be incessantly sprinkled
with water. He is an old man, and
nearly died at the station.

Loosing an Eagle.

Antone Nelson, a Colorado cowboy,
lamed an eagle a few days ago. Nelson
was riding over the prairie on his
little cow pony with his lasso tied to
his saddle, when he saw the eagle fly-
ing ahead of him quite close to the
ground. He started his pony on a run
toward the bird, and when a short dis-
tance away threw his rope, which settled
over the eagle's neck and under one
wing, and he succeeded in getting the
bird to the ranch house alive. The
eagle measured eight feet from tip to
tip of its wings.

MILD AUTHORITY.

The Incident of the Club in the City of
London.

The police regulations in England are
very different from those common in
this country. The policeman there is
not nearly so "autocratic" as he is here,
and would never think of using a club
or striking a man except in self-defense.
J. Gilman Speed gives this story of their
mild way in Frank Leslie's Weekly:

Upon one occasion a man came into
my office and created a disturbance.
I ordered him out. He declined to go, so
I sent for a policeman. A sergeant
came. I said to him:

"This man does not belong here, and
refuses to leave my office. Will you
please take him out?"

I expected the sergeant to tell the
man he must go, and then, if he did not
move on, I expected to see the officer re-
move him by force. Not at all. The
sergeant said: "You had better leave
here, sir," and his tone was as respect-
ful and civil as though he were asking a
favor.

The man manifested no intention of
leaving, and the police officer began an
inquiry as to his reasons for wanting to
stay. This exasperated me that I put
the man out myself, greatly to the as-
tonishment and apprehension of the of-
ficer.

He explained to me that I had no
right to interfere in the matter I had
brought to his attention, and that
doubtless the intruder would get out a
warrant against me and have me ar-
rested for assault.

HINDOO WOMEN.

Remarkable for Their Beauty, Though
Having Barbaric Customs.

The women of the dark-skinned Hin-
doo race are remarkable for their phys-
ical beauty. Below the medium height
(from a European standpoint) their car-
riage is erect and exceedingly graceful.
The long, swinging motion which they
affect in walking is produced by their
habit of carrying all kinds of merchan-
dise on the head. The Hindoo head is
small and the face is refined, with deli-
cately chiseled features. The hair,
"woman's crowning glory," is blue-
black and very abundant. It is worn
parted in the middle and drawn down
straight behind the ears, being coiled
at the back of the head in a heavy knot.

They practice the barbaric custom of
piercing the nose, through which a
gold or silver ring is inserted. The
fingers of the small black hands are
usually covered with rings of various
kinds, while silver bracelets adorn the
slender wrists. Rings are worn also
frequently on the toes, and the women
are seldom seen without heavy silver
anklets.

The single garment worn by the
Hindoo women consists of a long scarf,
always of some white material, which
is dexterously woven about the body
until it forms a skirt, and what looks
like a sleeveless jacket.

Their caste is denoted by the color of
the mark which the priest of the Brah-
min religion places each morning on
their forehead.

A TRICK OF THE CROOKS.

They Have Devised a New Scheme to Im-
prove Upon the Unlucky Fakir.

The crooks in New York have a new
trick by which they hope to gain pos-
session of articles of value belonging to
the unsuspecting public. It requires
two men to work the scheme, but if the
victims are selected with discrimination
it should prove successful.

The trick is a simple one, says the
Commercial Advertiser. Crook No. 1
boards an elevated train and sits down
on one of the cross seats on the side
nearest to the station. If the window
is shut he opens it, and then begins to
scan a newspaper. His pal joins him
afterward and takes a seat facing him.

No sign of recognition passes be-
tween them, and they continue to ride
thus until the seat beside one of them
is occupied by a passenger carrying a
satchel or a bundle which has the ap-
pearance of carrying articles of value.

Then when the next station is
reached one of the men rises leisurely
and walks out of the car. He waits
until the car is in motion and then
rushes breathlessly to his pal and ex-
citedly asks for the value which he left
behind.

His pal picks up the valise and passes
it out of the window to his confederate
before the rightful owner has a chance
to protest.

Explanations follow, but the crook,
pretending to learn his mistake, humbly
apologizes and leaves the train at
the next station.

The Seminoles.

The meaning of the word Seminoles
is "strayed off" or "wild." The Seminoles
were originally a part of the Creeks in
old Alabama. One day a party of
Creeks or Muskogees left the tribal
home and went on a hunt to Florida.

They were so charmed with the country
and abundance of game found that they
never returned to their people and so
the Creeks termed them the "strayed
off" or Seminoles.

Crabs in Japan.

There have been during the past years
a series of fashionable crabs in Japan.
The year 1873 was the rabbit year. The
Japanese went wild over these little
quadrupeds. As much as \$200 was paid
for a single specimen, and speculations
in \$100 and \$200 rabbits were of daily
occurrence. Cock fighting, printing
dictionaries by subscription, boating,
whist, wrestling, gigantic fangless and
table turning are among other recent
crabs.

A HANDY ARTICLE.

The Various Uses to Which Men Can Put
the Safety Pin.

"Well, I never!" This exclamation
fell from the lips of a young and inex-
perienced salesgirl in a large dry goods
store while a New Orleans Times-Demo-
crat man was present. The cause had
been the approach of a tall, well
dressed gentleman, who, in a low tone
of voice and with a perceptible blush,
asked for a box of safety pins. "To
think," continued the girl, "that a wom-
an would be mean enough to send her
husband to buy safety pins for the
baby!"

"Baby, nonsense!" cried an older girl
at the same counter. "You're green
enough to make a salad of. Why, that
man brought these safety pins for his
own use. Men use them in many ways.
First they put one through the top of
their trousers and catch the band of
their flannels to hold them up snugly—
sometimes one on each side. Then men
with sloping shoulders put safety pins
through their suspenders so as to hold
them from slipping off. Other men,
who do a great deal of writing, use a
small safety pin to hold the ends of
their shirt sleeves from falling over
their hands. They simply make a tack
above the elbow and set the safety
there. Some men, too, use safety pins
to hold their socks up. My mother
keeps a boarding-house, and there isn't
a man among the boarders who doesn't
have safety pins lying about his room.
If a button comes off and he's in a hur-
ry, a safety pin holds things together for
the time being. If that man had
been married and buying for the baby
he wouldn't have blushed; he would
have been used to women; but he's an
old bachelor, and that's the reason he
got red in the face."

The young and inexperienced sales-
girl was speechless; she could only look
at her admirer of such wisdom and her
thanks for having imparted unto her.

IDENTIFYING A GENERAL.

The Waiter Had an Unhappy Method for
Doing It.

For two or three days the waiter at
my table had called me "general,"
whenever he could ring in the title, and
of course I allowed the same to stand,
says a writer in the New York Sun.

At noon one day a young man took
his place at the table, and the waiter
addressed him as "general" and showed
me on the back seat with "judge." I
didn't say anything until I caught him
on the veranda two hours later. Then
I observed:

"George, up to this noon you were
calling me general."

"Yes, sah."

"But as soon as that young man came
in you gave him my title."

"Yes, sah; had to do it, sah."

"Why did you have to do it?"

"Because I seed dat he was a real gin-
eral, sah, an' yo' wasn't. Sorry, sah,
but we dun can't afford to make no
mistakes at dis hotel."

"Did he register as a general?"

"Dunno, sah."

"Did he tell you he was a general?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he was a
general?"

"Seed it wid my own eyes, judge, de
minit he got outa de bus. He's got
crucifixes on de back side of his pants legs,
sah, an' dat's de way we tell a gineral
down yere and nebber makes no mis-
takes."

A CHOLERA STORY.

How a Young Man's Name Caused Him to
Be Avoided.

Salzburg is one of the most charming
summer resorts in German Austria. The
other day a young man arrived whose
appearance was so strikingly beautiful
that all the mothers of marriageable
daughters tried to outdo each other in
their attentions to him. But this friend-
ly intercourse had not lasted many days
when, all of a sudden, he found himself
shunned by everybody. When he made
his appearance at a public hall of any
kind, he found himself the sole occu-
pant of the place in a minute. One
evening all the fashion of Salzburg had
met at a concert hall, when the stranger
made his appearance, sitting down in
one of the reserved seats. His neigh-
bors right and left jumped up and in a
few minutes the hall was almost empty.
The stranger stopped some of the fugi-
tives, asking for the reasons why he
was thus shunned by everybody.

"Why," they said, "you are from Ham-
burg, that hotbed of the cholera." The
young man burst out laughing, and
said: "I am a Viennese man and my name
is John Charles Hamburger." Then the
Salzburgers produced a list of arrivals
in which was printed the name, John
Charles, Hamburger. The mistake was
rectified and on the day following the
young man formed the center of attrac-
tion again.

The Hindoo Know Vaccination.

At a meeting of the Epidemiological
Society (Lancet, February 26, 1893), Dr.
Pringle quoted a remarkable passage
from an ancient Hindoo work, which
showed that true vaccination was
known and practiced in India centuries
before the birth of Jenner: "The small-
pox produced from the udder of the cow
will be of the same wild nature as the
ordinary disease. . . . The pox
should be of good color, filled with a
clear red liquid, and surrounded by a
circle of red. . . . There will be
only a slight fever for one, two or three
days, but no fear need be entertained of
smallpox so long as life endures." Fac-
teur's attenuation of virus by successive
cultures has been applied in India for
hundreds of years to inoculations with
viral lymph.

JUST "OLD TIMERS."

The Famous Old Froedoyant, One of
Nelson's Flagships—in fact, the only
one, except the Victory, still afloat—
has come to an ignominious end. The
Froedoyant was launched at Plymouth
in 1794.

Had she been launched a month
earlier, says the Viking, the Froedoyant
would have been flagship at the Nile.
As it was, she had the honor of cap-
turing the Greenpeace, 16, and the Gull-
stream, 20, the only line-of-battle ships,
which escaped from the bay of Aboukir.
She served first under Sir James H.
Warren, in 1800, and helped to defeat
Commodore Boscawen's squadron off the
west of Ireland.

She was captured. She then joined the
Mediterranean fleet blockading Cadix,
and afterward engaged in warring the
French ships in Toulon. On the scene of
the latter she was dispatched to
Naples to reinforce Lord Nelson, who
then transferred his flag to her from
the Vanguard. The Froedoyant now
became the seat of government of the
"kingdom of Naples," and was for a con-
siderable time the residence of the king
and queen, and of Sir William and Lady
Hamilton. It was while in the Fro-
edoyant that Nelson "captured Bona-
parte with his ships," and in her he subse-
quently flew his flag as commander in
chief in the Mediterranean.

The ship has, however, other associa-
tions hardly less interesting than those
connected with Nelson. On the 24 of
March, 1801, in the bay of Aboukir,
where she had so narrowly missed bear-
ing a glorious part three years before,
she received on board Sir Ralph Aber-
cromby, who had been mortally
wounded in the battle of the Nile. In
spite of all these historical associations,
the British naval authorities have sold
the Froedoyant, and she has been
broken up as old timber.

A PRISON ROMANCE.

Discovery of a Missing Brother Among
Jail Inmates.

"I'm going to join the army and will
be gone three years." Thus wrote a
young man to his dear old mother and
sister at home. The boy, says the
Salem Statesman, was under sentence
to state prison when he wrote the letter,
that he supposed would quiet all in-
quiry as to his whereabouts. He had
been found guilty of burglary, and the
judge in pronouncing sentence upon
him gave him three years at hard labor.

This was several months ago, and the
young man is by this time well ac-
quainted with the monotonous routine
of life in the Oregon state penitentiary.
On a recent Sunday afternoon a couple
of young ladies, sisters, new arrivals in
Salem, visited the prison.

They arrived too late to be admitted
to the services, but were given seats in
the waiting room. At the first glance
from the choir they were attracted,
but as the music of the song filled the
chapel and resounded through the
corridors, they recognized a familiar
sound in the sweet-toned voices that
carried the air. They advanced nearer
to the chapel, impelled by they knew
not what and glancing through the
barred doors recognized among the
singers wearing the stripes the absent
brother whom they supposed to be
serving his country in the army. The
recognition was mutual and it was pit-
iful. The shock was more than the
delicate nerves of the young women
could bear. But it is only one incident
of the many. The prison is full of sad
romances and expectations that see
never realized.

How to Light a Solid Body.

Codogan Morgan was the first elec-
trician to experiment with electric light
in solid bodies. This was in 1788. He
first inserted two wires into a stick of
wood and caused the spark to pass be-

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SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

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ANOTHER CORPSE

General Ben. F. Butler died suddenly of pneumonia at Washington on the morning of the 11th. in his 73d year. There has passed away another of the great Generals of the Rebellion, and one of the most independent public men of the country. He is the only man who was able to give the people of New Orleans a clean and orderly city, which he did while in command of that city during the Rebellion, and it would have been good for the decent people of Louisiana if Ben. Butler could have had some control of the State for a term of years. He would have soon put a stop to the outrages that have disgraced that section.

In a speech in Lowell January 20, 1890, General Butler said: "When you hear me to that little inclosure on the other side of the river which I hope for my last resting place, I pray you put over me for my epitaph:

"Here lies the general who saved the lives of his soldiers at Big Bethel and Fort Fisher, and who never commanded the Army of the Potomac."

"I ask," he said, "for nothing else."

A Washington dispatch of the 11th, says: There was no business done at the National Capitol to-day. Each branch of Congress adjourned, the Senate on account of the death of Mr. Kenne of West Virginia and the House in respect to the memory of General Butler, an ex-Representative.

The coincidence of the adjournment of each branch of Congress on account of deaths on the same day is curious in itself. The adjournment of the House, however, deserved special attention, since it was a Democratic House that adjourned in honor of a man who more than any other excited and held into his old age the rancorous personal antipathy of the defeated leaders of the Confederacy.

It is not the custom of the House of Representatives to interrupt its business on account of the death of an ex-member. Such an unusual honor is only conferred upon the most distinguished ex-members, although the House always adjourns upon the announcement of a death of an active member. This tribute to General Butler's memory is all the more extraordinary since it was voluntarily given by a House whose organization is thoroughly controlled by Southern Democrats.

Prosperous 1892.

Bradstreet's adds the finishing piece of testimony to the already ponderous mass of evidence that 1892 was an extraordinarily prosperous year. It finds that the number of failures was less than in any year since 1891, except 1887. But even compared with that year, 1892 has a decided advantage in that its rate of failures to the business population was considerably less. But last year's failures aggregate smaller liabilities than those of any other year since 1893, without a single exception, notwithstanding that the business population had increased 31 per cent. in the meantime. The decrease in the number of failures last year as compared with the year before was more than 17 per cent. and the liabilities were 44 per cent. smaller in 1892. Yet half of this prosperous year has already passed when the Democratic party in convention assembled solemnly denied "that there has been any increase of prosperity to the country since that (McKinley) tariff went into operation." Unfortunately for themselves the people seem to have preferred the authority of the place-seeking politicians who drew up the calamity platform to the expert testimony of impartial mercantile authorities.—N. Y. Press.

AMERICAN TEA

The first marketable tea ever produced in the United States was brought to Baltimore by Charles U. Shepard of Summerfield, S. C., who grew and cured the plant on his farm. The American tea was tested by Mr. Gillit Gill, who pronounced it equal to the best high-grade English breakfast tea and superior in many grades that come from India and China. The samples brought to Baltimore by Mr. Shepard are all of one quality and character—black, crisp and well scented.

It makes a strong beverage. This quality of the American tea is said by Mr. Gill to be due solely to its treatment in the fermentation and curing. Other methods of curing the American product will produce tea similar to the several brands that come from India and China. Judging from Mr. Shepard's samples, Mr. Gill says he believes the successful growing of tea in the United States is established and that the industry should be encouraged and fostered. Mr. Shepard raised only forty pounds of tea this year, which was cured in an ordinary fruit evaporator.

Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, the well-known lawyer, was said to be in San Francisco a few nights since he was entering his home. He fought them off, but sustained a couple of scalp wounds.

On Wednesday Blaine was comfortable, but with no particular change.

AN INHERITANCE TAX

The State of New York has an inheritance tax—a tax on estates of deceased persons, and Comptroller Campbell, of that State, last year made it yield the State \$1,800,000 over and above all expenses, and in his annual report recommends an amendment for still further enriching the State Treasury from the estates of dead millionaires.

His plan is to have a graduated taxation of all estates amounting to more than \$10,000, as follows: For estates ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000, 1 per cent; from \$100,000 to \$500,000, 2 per cent; \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, 3 per cent; over \$1,000,000, 5 per cent.

As the State never gets anything from the bulk of these estates during the lifetime of their owners he believes that it ought to realize something upon their death. Had the estate of Jay Gould been taxed on this basis the State would now be the possessor of the neat sum of \$3,450,000.

What a grand thing such a law would have been for California in the past ten or a dozen years. The estates of Hopkins, Crocker, Luning, Blythe, Parrott, Glenn, and a score of others, would have greatly enriched the State Treasury, and reduced our State taxes to a mere nothing.

We notice that Assemblyman Mack, of this District, has introduced a bill, which, we suppose, is similar to the New York law. Of course, all amounts left to charitable institutions should be exempt from such a tax, but the State would lose very little through such requests, for our State does not seem to have many Crockers and Stanfords among its millionaires. It is to be hoped the Mack bill will pass, if it is similar to the New York law. If the California millionaires will do nothing for the State or its people when they are in life, then let their money do the State some good after they are dead.

SHOW IT UNDER.

If the legal fraternity of San Francisco wish to save the necks of their clients charged with murder they had better withdraw or have defeated the following amendment to Section 1243 of the penal code, as Senate bill No. 19 proposes:

"An appeal to the Supreme court from a judgment of conviction stays the execution of judgment in all capital cases, and in all other cases where in giving notice of his appeal the appellant demands such stay."

The Penal Code of this State gives criminals all the advantages—the people having very few rights under its provisions, and if the San Francisco shysters try to still further add to those advantages, Judge Lynch will step in and take charge of their clients cases oftener than he has done in this State, of late years, at least.

The above amendment should be defeated. Let the Legislature confine itself to legislating for the benefit of the honest people of the State, instead of for the criminal classes. That class looks out for itself pretty effectually in this State.

CREED HAYMOND DEAD.

Creed Haymond, one of California's most brilliant and honorable lawyers, died in San Francisco at an early hour on Friday morning of last week. Creed Haymond was the father of our law codes, which were almost all drafted by him, as Chairman of the Code Commission, and which were adopted in 1872, and under which our Courts have acted ever since. He was a State Senator in '75, '76, and '77, and did a great work in bringing the attention of Congress to the Chinese cause. For many years past he has been chief attorney of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. He was many years a resident of Sacramento, to which city he remains were carried for interment, the funeral taking place on Sunday last under the auspices of the Knights Templar, to which he belonged. In the death of Col. Haymond, California has lost an honorable and most useful citizen.

A Rival.

Is Oregon destined to be a fruit-growing rival of California? She has 100,000 acres of growing orchards, and 36 nurseries with 9,000,000 growing trees, and her people think it is destined to be a great State for fruit-growing. State Senator Veatch, of that State, boasts that he gathered from his garden on December 1st, twice of raspberry vines upon which were blossoms and ripe berries. Oregon will undoubtedly surpass California in her apple culture, but in other fruits she can never rival this State.

The Virginia City, Nev., Enterprise has suspended publication. It was the oldest paper in Nevada, and its suspension is another drawback to that State, as it is another evidence of the decline of the Comstock and Nevada interests.

The Democrats of the New York Legislature gave Cleveland a smart slap in the face when they elected Murphy United States Senator. The two Senators from New York will exert no influence with the Cleveland Administration.

By a decision of the Supreme Court the famous Woodward's Gardens will be divided among its four claimants, the Woodward heirs, who have been fighting over it in the Courts for many years. Those who wanted the property cut up and distributed have won.

A few days ago 600 barrels of brandy were shipped from the Vina vineyard to New York, to fill an order.

The old City Hall in New York is to be torn down and a new one erected on its site. Old New Yorkers visiting their old home would miss the old "landmark" where they spent many pleasant hours in its shade and in its halls in boyhood days. But old things must give way to the modern ideas.

NEW TO-DAY

Order to Show Cause on Application of Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate.

In the Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition filed and read by M. J. Goddard, the Guardian of the persons and estates of Charles Schuman, William Schuman, Edward Schuman, Ray Schuman and Daniel Schuman, Minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to his said wards; that it is necessary and would be beneficial to said wards that such estate should be sold.

It is hereby Ordered, that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Wednesday, the first day of March, 1893, at eleven o'clock A. M., at the Courtroom of this Court, at the Court House, at Bridgeport in said Mono County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said estate.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in the "BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION," a newspaper printed and published in said Mono County. Dated January 20th, 1893.

W. H. VIRDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

Indorsed: Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California, in the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Charles Schuman et al., Minors. Order to show cause, etc. Filed January 20th, 1893. J. D. Murphy, Clerk. [ja21-1d]

LEGAL

Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SACRAMENTO, CAL., December 10th, 1892.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Superior Court of Alpine Co., Cal., at Markleville, Cal., on the 31st day of January, 1893, viz: FRUWICK W. VOIGT, who made Homestead Application No. 5156, for the N½ of S½ and N½ of E½ of Sec. 25, T. 11 N., R. 12 E.

He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William M. Thornburg, of Markleville P. O., H. T. Murter, of Markleville P. O., Fred O. Woodford, of Woodford P. O., T. P. Hawkins, of Woodford P. O., Alpine Co., Cal. THOMAS FRASER, Register. 424-1d

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF Z. B. TINKUM, AN INCOMPETENT PERSON. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Z. B. Tinkum, an Incompetent Person, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said Incompetent Person, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Guardian at his residence and place of business at Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

DAVID HAYS, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Z. B. Tinkum, an Incompetent Person. Dated Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., this 21st day of December, 1892.

P. G. HUGHES, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER.

BRIDGEPORT, CAL. HORSE AND OX SHOEING, AND GENERAL JOBBING

R. A. LEALE, MANUFACTURER OF Sarsaparilla and Iron

Ginger Ale, Soda Water Etc. BODIE, CAL.

W. A. R. LOOSE, ASSAYER AND METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

LEGAL

Taxes, 1892. Taxes.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SECOND AND LAST INSTALLMENT

of the Tax on the REAL ESTATE in Mono county, California, being one half (½) of said tax, is now due and payable; and, if not paid prior to the

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF APRIL, 1893, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, a penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto.

Also, further NOTICE is given, that the Tax on the whole of the Personal property, and one-half (½) of the Real Estate, which was not paid when due, as the first installment, prior to the 24th day of November, 1892, and to which a penalty of Fifteen (15) per cent. was added hereto is due and payable, and, if not paid prior to the

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF APRIL, 1893, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, an additional penalty of FIVE (5) per cent. will be added thereto, making a total of TWENTY (20) per cent.

AND NOTICE is further given that, if the Tax is not paid prior to the TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF JUNE, 1893, the list of DELINQUENT TAXES will be placed with the printer, and published on the TENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1893, and will be sold on the

THIRD DAY OF JULY, 1893, at TEN o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the Court House, in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono county, California, for lawful money of the United States, each in hand paid.

—Taxes are payable in United States Gold Coins. Checks will be first cashed before amount is credited or receipt given. Dated Bridgeport, January, 20, 1893.

M. P. HAYS, Tax Collector of Mono County, Cal. ja7

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

ESTATE OF Z. B. TINKUM, AN INCOMPETENT PERSON. NOTICE is hereby given, that the following personal property of Z. B. Tinkum, an incompetent Person, is offered at private sale for cash in hand paid:

A valuable library, Watches and Jewelry, Tinsmith's outfit, etc. A Fine Office Desk, and Furniture. Bids will be received from and after this date.

DAVID HAYS, Guardian of the Estate of Z. B. Tinkum, an Incompetent Person. ja7

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of CLARK EGLESTON, Deceased. R. G. Watkins, the Administrator of the Estate of Clark Eggleston, deceased, having filed a petition asking for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose therein set forth, it being necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, of the said deceased, to pay the debts of said deceased and expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore Ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on

MONDAY, the SIXTH day of FEBRUARY, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, in the County of Mono, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper printed and published in said Mono County once a week. W. H. VIRDEN, Judge of the Superior Court. Dated Jan. 7th, 1893.

Indorsed: Superior Court, County of Mono, Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made. In the Matter of the Estate of Clark Eggleston, deceased. Filed Jan. 7th, 1893. J. D. Murphy, Clerk. ja7-1d

RANCH FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his valuable ranch—the "Willows." The Ranch comprises two hundred acres, and yields a crop of one hundred tons of hay, which can be largely increased. It is, also, a great producer of vegetables. For further particulars address D. M. WALTERS, dsl Bridgeport, Mono county, California.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHARLES L. HAYES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

FRANK P. WILLARD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. Water Rights, Land and Mining Legislation a specialty. 47-2m

W. O. PARKER, BRIDGEPORT, CAL. P. W. BENNETT, STOCKTON, CAL.

BENNETT & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. ja12-1d

R. S. MINER, ATTORNEY AT LAW Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal.

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. ja14-1d

H. M. EDDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BRIDGEPORT, MONOCO, CAL. Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California, Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty. Office—Court House. ja3d

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R. GELATT, Proprietor. \$10.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team.....\$1.50 Loaded wagon and two animals.....1.00 Each additional pair of animals......50 Horseman......25 Pack animals, each......25 Hogs and sheep, each......5 Loose stock, each......5 Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road. All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.

Buggy team.....\$1.50 Loaded wagon and two animals.....1.00 Each additional pair of animals......50 Horseman......25 Pack animals, each......25 Hogs and sheep, each......5 Loose stock, each......5 Empty teams, half-price.

IF YOU WANT THE NEWS, TAKE THE CHRONICLE-UNION.

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HOTELS

ALLEN HOUSE, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

First-Class In Its Appointments.

CF Livery and Feed Stable connected with the Hotel.

The patronage of the Public respectfully solicited. my30-1d LEWIS A. MURPHY.

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THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

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This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which affords superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. Good Fishing in Walker River. Commodious Stabling. my30-1d

BARNETT'S HOTEL, COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL., Antelope Wagon Road, 30 miles from Carson City and 50 from Bodie.

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. ja7

PALACE SALOON, (Brick Building) MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HENNESSY (C. C.) BRANDY and WILLIAM FITZ CUBAN HAND MADE CIGARS. FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC. 27-1d THOMAS FALES.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON, CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. And will be conducted first-class. ja2-1d

PIONEER SALOON, GURNEY BUILDING—MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon. ja2-1d

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GO TO JOE'S BARBER SHOP, Main Street, west of Joe A. Brown's Store, BRIDGEPORT.

Where all the HAIR CUTTING known to the profession will be done in style. SHAVING, HONING RAZORS, etc. JOSEPH SPARKS, Proprietor. and-1d

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THE CHRONICLE-UNION IS THE PIONEER JOURNAL OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE MOUNTAINS, IN CALIFORNIA.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 21, 1893

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Mrs. George H. Bump returned home on Saturday last, from Carson.

Amie Bryant left on Gelati's stage on Wednesday for San Francisco, to attend a business college.

Emery Kirkwood starts for Idaho on Monday next to look at the country and visit friends.

District Attorney C. L. Hayes went to Bodie on Monday, returning on last evening's stage.

Sam, Fales and wife, of the Hot Springs, have gone to Mason Valley to visit their daughter, Mrs. Pimental.

Prof. C. E. Heath went to Bodie, on Saturday last to reside for a time, to teach music. The Professor is a thorough musician, being a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and the musical loving people of Bodie are fortunate in securing his valuable services.

Frank D. McBeth, son of D. M. McBeth, formerly sheriff of Alpine county, and lately of Bodie, has become principal of the Dayton, Nev., school.

Willie Butler, with Nay's big team, arrived from Carson on Thursday evening, with freight for Lundy.

FASHION'S DEBATE.—Fashion has decreed that balls and all social entertainments should begin at 8 o'clock, and carriages ordered to be in readiness to take the "Four Hundred" home at 12 precisely. This is the most sensible decree Fashion has promulgated, and we hope the "400" of Bridgeport will obey it to the letter. It has been the style here to commence the grand march at our balls at about ten o'clock, and continue dancing until daylight, and next day no participant is fit for anything in the way of work. If our dancing parties commence at 8 o'clock, and close at 12 they would be more enjoyable, because no one would be tired out and half dead next day. Will Bridgeport "Society" try the new "decree"?

CONVICTED.—Ah Sing, who was arrested for selling opium to the Indians, was tried on Saturday last after we went to press, and convicted. Justice Fales fined him \$100, which he paid and went on his way rejoicing. That night he received a package containing several pounds of opium, which we presume will be dealt out to his Elvite friends, until he is ready to pay in to the County Treasury another hundred dollars.

On the same day China Mary was arrested and tried on a charge of selling or furnishing liquor to Indians. B. S. Miceo was her attorney and demanded a jury trial. She was found guilty, but her attorney gave notice of an appeal to the Superior Court.

THE WEATHER.—After some considerable threatening a rain storm set in Sunday evening and continued all night, raining quite heavily until near morning, when it turned to snow, but little of the latter fell, the sun rising in a clear sky; but afterwards the day was equally, and Monday night there was a light fall of snow, about an inch in depth. Since then the weather has been clear, with cool nights, the thermometer registering 4 above zero on Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and yesterday morning at 8 above.

HOUSES MOVED.—W. P. Braudon, with 24 horses, yesterday moved the Ah Quong Tia store building from the other side of the bridge to Y. Adair's lot on School street, near the school house. Mr. Adair will remodel it into a cozy dwelling, to rent. There was just enough snow on the ground to make the building glide along like a sleigh, making the removal quite an easy matter.

THANKS.—We thank Senator E. C. Voorheis, of Calaveras county, for a package of public documents, consisting of all the reports of State officers. Senator Voorheis is really our representative in the Senate under the new apportionment, and we are glad to know that he is one of the most popular of the hold-over Senators.

HIS DEPUTY.—Sheriff Hays has appointed ex-Sheriff M. J. Cody Deputy Sheriff and Tax Collector. A very sensible appointment.

FINE SLONCH.—Judge Virden has just received a fine cutter from the East, and now he does not care how soon we have a good snowstorm.

PAROXY.—James Logan and Lewis Ladd on Monday brought in the freight from Carson left at the Hot Springs by Jo. Hunt, who was too sick to bring it in.

A DANCE.—A social was given at Bryant's Hall last evening, complimentary to Emery Kirkwood, who departs on Monday for Idaho.

It is rumored that the Pope has ascertained there is a movement on foot among American Catholics to sever their connection with Rome, and have an American Pope.

A gang of counterfeiters have been arrested in San Francisco, with all their implements for the manufacture of spurious coin.

NOT REVADA.

Sheriff Hays, who went last week to Santa Ana, Orange county, after Nevada, the Mexican murderer of Leahy, the foreman of Evan's ranch, at Mono Lake, who was supposed to be in custody there, returned on Gelati's stage on Thursday evening, but brought no Nevada. On his arrival at Santa Ana he found a Mexican in jail on suspicion of being Nevada, but he said his name was William Estrada. Sheriff Hays had doubts as to his identity, but did not feel justified in giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, so he took him in charge and started for Bridgeport with the supposed Nevada. Estrada made no objection, telling the Santa Anas that he would be back in ten days. On his arrival at Sacramento the Sheriff received his first set-back on being told by A. P. Allen, of Bridgeport, who is now at the Capital, that he knew Nevada and that he had the wrong man. He pushed on however to Reno, where he was detained several hours, giving him time to take his prisoner to the residence of Mrs. Leahy's father, where the widow of the murdered man is now living. As soon as Mrs. Leahy saw him in the door yard she said the Sheriff had the wrong man, and after they had entered the house, and the prisoner was seated and Mrs. Leahy had taken a good look at him, she told Mr. Hays that he was not Nevada, and then gave a minute description of the murderer. Mr. Evans, Leahy's old employer, and several cowboys, and others, who knew Nevada, pronounced Hays' companion the wrong man. Mrs. Mary M. Leahy made an affidavit before Notary Puppel Waldo, of Reno, in which she says: "That she was well acquainted with the said Frank Nevada, having seen him often when residing with her husband in Mono county, and now states the fact to be that the said man the said Sheriff has under arrest for the murder of her husband is not Frank Nevada, and further says that if called on to testify on the trial she would testify that the man under arrest is not the said Frank Nevada."

John Franklin Williams also made affidavit that he was well acquainted with Frank Nevada and that the man under arrest was not Frank Nevada, and bears no resemblance to him. There were several others in Reno who know Nevada, and would have made like affidavits, but Sheriff Hays thought it unnecessary to go to further expense for affidavits. The prisoner had letters on his person when arrested addressed to William Estrada, from his wife in Tucson, Arizona, and also one from a lawyer in regard to some private business of a family nature, which went to show that he was known as W. Estrada. He has a wife and two children at Tucson and a father, mother, and sisters living there or near by. The description of Nevada, as given by Mrs. Leahy, and others, does not tally with that of Estrada, and after Sheriff Hays had taken legal advice, and being certain that he had the wrong man he discharged him, giving him enough money to get back home. That Nevada had not been caught was a great disappointment to Mrs. Leahy, Evans, and Leahy's friends in Reno, as they are all ready to assist in his prosecution, if caught. Sheriff Hays did right in not bringing Estrada to this county—but he would not have come here as he would have been released in Reno, without any doubt, on a writ of habeas corpus, on the testimony of Mrs. Leahy and others who know Nevada. It was well that Sheriff Hays took the trip and satisfied the friends of Leahy that the suspected man was not Nevada. If he had not and Estrada had been discharged at Santa Ana the authorities of this county would have been justly blamed. As it is, an innocent man has been exonerated and the public should be satisfied with what has been done to secure the murderer, who may yet be caught.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature providing for the building of a road from Mariposa to the Yosemite Valley. It was decided in the matter of the State building a wagon road from Mono Lake to Yosemite, that the State could not appropriate money for such a purpose. There is more need of a road from this county to that great Valley than there is for a road on the other side of the mountains. There are many roads to get into the Valley from that side, but there are none from this side. If the State can appropriate funds for such purposes, Mono should have a small dividend for such a road. It would not cost over \$20,000 to give Eastern California a good road into that world-renowned Valley, and this section is entitled to some recognition.

Aside from introducing bills the Legislature has not done much in the interest of the people. The Democratic Assembly is the most extravagant one we have had in many years. It is making offices for every Democrat in the State.

AN INCREASED PENALTY.—Assemblyman Mack has introduced a bill increasing the punishment for selling or furnishing liquor to Indians. We do not know what the penalty is, but it should be made a State Prison offense, as in Nevada.

The State of Virginia has had a 14-inch fall of snow, and the coldest snap experienced since 1857.

To keep up prices for fish in San Francisco, tons of fish are thrown overboard almost daily.

The educational qualification amendment to the Constitution has been reported to the House favorably by a unanimous vote.

How Do Women Kill Their

The gossamer man who asked this foolish question got his answer from a woman who, with her husband, two children, and two servants, lived in a house with nine rooms. Having kept a statistical account for one year, she gave the results as follows: Number of lunches put up, 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts made, 173; lamps filled, 328; rooms dusted, 2059; times dressed children, 798; visits received, 879; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 135; articles mended, 1,536; articles of clothing made, 120; fancy articles made, 56; letters written, 439; hours in music, 20%; hours in gardening, 49; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10. Besides the above I nursed two children through measles, twice cleaned every nook and corner of my house, put up seventy-five jars of pickles and preserves, made seven trips to the dentist's, dyed Easter eggs, polished silver, and spent seven days in helping nurse a sick friend who was ill, besides the thousand and one duties too small to be mentioned, yet taking time to perform.

An incident in the career of the late Senator Plumb of Kansas has never been told. While he was practicing law at Emporia, Kan., and before he had obtained any prominence in the field of politics, a couple of immigrants were put off at the station. They had the smallpox, and had been dumped off the train by the railroad people without any ceremony. No one would go near them or do anything for them, and they seemed likely to die in the street. Mr. Plumb heard of their pitiable condition, hunted them up, secured quarters for them and nursed them himself. Both lived, but Plumb caught the disease, and had a hard time to pull through. He bore the pox marks on his face to the day of his death.

"There are five senses of man—sight, smell, taste, hearing and feeling. The New York Legislature thinks that there is but one—the sense of sight. We will make use of another—the sense of smell." That was the remark that Richard Croker, the chief of Tammany, is reported to have made after the enactment of the Secret Ballot law at Albany.

It now appears that at the November election in New York every regular Tammany phibol was printed upon paper so heavily perfumed with musk that the election officers could tell by their noses whether any voter was depositing the "regular" ticket or not.

There is no hanging for murder in New York, but they seem to get away with their murderers pretty lively with electricity. Another was executed at Dannemora Prison on Monday. The Sheriff of California has little of that kind of work to do. They serve term after term without having any experience in that line, not because California is so goody goody, but through the kindness of our Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court.

The conduct of the handful of Populists in some of the Western States, in preventing legislation, in view of compelling the other parties to combine with them and give them the "post of honor," is disgusting all right thinking people, and in one or two States, the Republicans will vote with the Democrats in consequence of the Populist arrogance.

The education of a Viennese girl includes the regular school work until her fifteenth year, after which she goes through a course of teaching in the kitchen from one to two years. They are as accomplished and capable as English women, as witty in society as Parisians, and are noted for their beauty among European women.

Much interest has been aroused in Spain by the finding among some old papers at the palace of the Duke of Albea a series of letters written by Columbus relating to his first discoveries.

Generals Komaroff and Tscherniaeff, Russian officers, are quoted as saying that war with Germany would be the most popular of all wars throughout Europe.

According to French divorce statistics the most unhappy period of matrimony is between the fifth and tenth year after the honeymoon.

The electric street cars of Albany, N. Y., are provided with an automatic device that shows the name of each street just before it is reached.

The new Union station in St. Louis will cover thirty-two trains and cost \$5,500,000.

Falseth teeth are coming into general use for horses in France.

Hoop skirts are coming in fashion again.

AN ENEMY BAFLED.—There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffective weapons. Hostetter's stomach bitters will banish it. More purgatives will not reform a diseased condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headache, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, nausea, torpid tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malaria, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. A single dose of the bitters relieves the stomach. It improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

HUNTERS' FOOD IN AFRICA.

Koodoo, Kland and Elephant's Trunk Among the Delicacies.

South Africa may sometimes be nearly as hot as India, but there the hunter, though a sybarite by temperament, must be a Spartan by training, says the Saturday Review, and almost necessarily he must be in a tip-top condition. He does his severe exercises in the saddle or on his own shoelather. He cuts his communications with the camping place for the day, and knows nothing of soda water or sandwiches. The air may be hot and the work has been hard, but he seeks the wagons as sun-down, empty and ravenous. If the looks of his liquor case have not been tampered with, if he has been in fair sporting luck and if he is happy in a tolerably thoughtful Hottentot cook, all is well. The supper is ready to be served in response to a warning shot from his rifle and he sits down to his haunch of koodoo, or his sirloin of kland, or to his fricassee of elephant trunk, with sand grouse to follow. Harris and Gordon Cumming dwell rather on the killing of game than on the eating of it. Yet they sometimes record wonderful performances after prolonged fasts; and like Livingstone and Moffat and other illustrious missionaries, they own to the feeling of inexpressible bien etre which stole over them when nature had been soothed and satisfied with some plentiful but simple meal. The worst was that sometimes, when the sport had been exceptionally gratifying, there would be what were comparatively banion days. Kland is as good as beef, and more so the pity, since the ox-like antelope is disappearing. But the noble camelopard, though he fetched high prices on the Boulevard Haussmann during the siege of Paris, loses caste early when he is stripped of his giant's robe; the beautiful water buck tastes fishy, like most amphibious or water haunting beasts, and the still rarer roan antelope has worse faults still.

SLAVERY IN OLD ENGLAND.

The System Not Entirely Abolished Well On in the Seventeenth Century.

Slavery in England was of very ancient standing. Caesar states that it existed as an institution among the Celts, and in Roman England the conquered natives were held in a state of serfdom. In Saxon and early Norman times the children of the old English peasantry and captives taken in war were sold like cattle in Bristol market and many were exported to Scotland and Ireland. "Doomed day" states that the slaves numbered twenty-five thousand. Soon after the conquest the distinct slave class ceased to exist and the slaves were merged with the lower class of serfs under the general designation of villeins. The villeins in early feudal times were annexed to the land and were debarred goods and chattels, but in process of time the higher class of villeins gained title to the land on which they worked, and after the reign of Richard II. we find little reference to villeinage. Although the church had early succeeded in putting an end to the English slave traffic by the canon of the council of 1102, slavery was never abolished by any positive enactment; and, according to the Brooklyn Eagle, it was not till 1660 that the last remnants of the feudal system were finally swept away. Slavery was abolished, but slavery did not cease, for until the time of George III. colliers were bought and sold, and if they left the estate to which they belonged were brought back by force. It was not till the year 1775 that an act was passed by which they were declared free and were put on the same footing as other servants.

WEALTHY AUTHORS.

Literary Men of Paris Who Have No Need to Repine.

Some interesting figures have been published as to the popularity and profit of French authors of note, and from these it appears that 120,000 copies of M. Zola's "Debut" have now been sold in less than three months, says a Paris letter. This number has, however, been beaten by M. Georges Ohnet's "Maitre de Forges," the publisher of which easily got rid of 250,000 copies in a short space of time. Alexandre Dumas, the elder, is still popular, despite the attempts made to dethrone him by realist and psychological writers. M. Alexandre Dumas fils receives about \$2,000 per annum as his share in the profits accruing from the publication of his father's works. The works of Alphonse Karr and Henri Murger are likewise bought up with avidity by the public.

Returning to M. Zola, he has, it appears, received \$12,000 for the publication as feuilletons of nineteen volumes. By the publication in book form of his novels M. Zola has netted \$29,000. The great realistic writer is supposed to have gained, reckoning both author's and translator's rights, about \$29,000 in twenty years. His theatrical fees were \$19,000 for "L'Assommoir," the other sums received under this head being comparatively insignificant.

THAT LAWN MOWER.

A Wicked Husband Plays It on a Fend and Feels It.

A Belfast (Me.) woman got indignant the other day at the shabby appearance of the lawn about the house. After mowing down her husband with wrath, she was soon on the lawn herself with the lawn mower. Back and forth she pushed the machine, while the sun beamed soft and melting on the down-trodden woman and everything else.

From a shady nook her husband timidly watched her determined display. For an hour, in which she must have traveled a dozen miles, she worked, bent, and to relate, not a blade of grass bowed to her indignant endeavor.

Finally her husband picked up courage enough to address her:

"Haden't you better turn the machine over, my dear?"

She did turn the machine over—into the gutter—and swept into the house with a look that kept her husband at a distance for several days.

MISCELLANEOUS

A FRESH AND

GENERAL

ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST

OF GOODS

AT THE

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

D. HAYS & BRO.

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Choice Family Groceries,

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Fancy and Toilet Articles

Yankee Notions

Powder, Shot, Caps and

Cartridges,

Stationery, etc., etc.



AN ODD EXHIBIT.

A Vessel Loaded with Curiosities from the Interior.

Some Rare Old Relics from Historic Battlefields and Vegetable and Mineral Products of Various States.

The handsome schooner-rigged vessel, City of Clinton, has arrived in Chicago, after sailing down the Tennessee and up the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, laden with a fine exhibit of curiosities and specimens for the world's fair. The boat was built at Clinton, Anderson county, up among the mountains, and floated down the Clinton river to the Tennessee. The work of collecting the cargo was a difficult one. Many curious and interesting war relics and mineral and wood products were to be found, but the people were loath to part with them. One piece of an old tree, on which Daniel Boone cut his name in 1784, was only obtained after a one thousand dollar bid had been placed for its safe return after the fair. The products brought include specimens of granite, polished and rough, onyx, lava, coral, stalactite and stalagmite formations, and some choice specimens of southern woods. These include black oak, maple, curly poplar, sandalwood, mahogany and rosewood, such as built Noah's ark. There are also some rare old relics from the battlefield of Chickamauga—white iron, old bits and exploded shells. There is the pistol and hat of Joe Williams, the notorious moonshiner, with thirteen holes in it—a hole for every man he shot. The City of Clinton is a graceful sailing craft, sixty feet ten inches in length, by seventeen feet four inches beam, with masts and sails that can be lowered on deck when not required. The interior is elegantly fitted up and paneled in choice woods. Capt. Bettes and a boy named Joe Coyle sailed the vessel alone and kept up canvas for one thousand nine hundred miles of the voyage. The other three hundred miles were made by towing.

PRISONS FROM ALL NATIONS.

They Will Be Illustrated in the Bureau of Charities and Corrections.

Not the least interesting study at the world's fair will be the exhibit in the liberal arts department under the direction of Superintendent Rosenau, of the bureau of charities and corrections. To the great majority of mankind it can be happily said that the convict's cage and the dark prison walls of so-called houses of correction are like bad dreams and vague nightmares. The life of the French galley slave as seen through the lines of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" is a picture that can never be effaced from the mind of a sympathetic reader. The very name bedewell, Tombs or penitentiary carries with it a feeling of dread and the thought of punishment rather than that of correction or charity. Man is advancing, however, and his ideals, if not his actions, are approaching nearer to the time of universal brotherhood. In developing the exhibit of penology it is the aim of Mr. Rosenau to show the advancement made with the growth of civilization from the days of early history down to the present time; advancement in the manner of handling truant members of society. Visitors to the fair can take their choice between burning at the stake, which seems since the discovery of fire to have been the favorite method of capital punishment up to the time Chas. Elke made the first rope, or being electrocuted after the manner of Kemmler. It's all the same thing in the end. Illustrations of prison cells in Siberia will be placed side by side with those of Joliet and Sing Sing.

JAPANESE ATTRACT ATTENTION

Curious Crowds Watching the Workmen from the Land of the Mikado.

The Japanese workmen who are building the Japanese village on the north end of the island within the world's fair grounds attract a great deal of attention from the visitors. There are eighteen mechanics from the land of the mikado and a civil engineer. They have the framework for the village all in place. Right in the center of the proposed village is a short pole with a bunch of rice paper strips floating from it. When the men begin to work they walk through a cone of money to drive away the evil spirit from their labors. The pole with the papers is intended to divert his attention from the mechanics in case he should wander around there.

The Japanese are an American level for the first time at the fair grounds. They have not yet tired of admiring the way in which the implement indicates whether a surface is level or plumb. The head carpenter got hold of a level and placed it under a box. Then he ordered one of the men to put chips underneath the ends of the box until the level indicated that the box presented a level upper surface. Then he carefully examined the result and smiled all over to see how easily the level did the work. For nearly an hour he kept testing it on everything at hand.

A Snake Charmer by the Sea. A Danish (Tex.) dispatch says: Mrs. D. M. Madden is a lady of nerve. Yesterday afternoon, her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which was attached balls. The noise of the balls attracted a large black snake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The fringe of the ball seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells evidently placed the snake in a state of alarm, for it did not move until it felt the touch of Mrs. Madden's hand.

Skeletons of an Ancient Race Unearthed in Indiana.

Many Traditions Brought Out by the Discovery—Evidence of an Ethnic Tribe of Very Large Americans.

A rich archaeological find was recently unearthed two miles west of Crawfordsville in a gravel pit along the high bluff of Sugar creek. Thus far twenty-five skeletons of Brobdignagian stature have been exhumed, and the unburying of these mammoth bones is still going on. This necropolis of long ago is filled with excited hunters of curios and scientific students from Wabash college almost continually, and as soon as removed from the gravel their rattling bones are carried away to become part of departments of archaeology, which are being established all over the city.

The last skeleton taken from the burial ground was a gigantic one, measuring seven feet in length. The femur alone would prove that the skeleton was that of a giant, and the pelvic bones are twice as large as those of an ordinary man. The grinning skull of the giant had a perfect set of teeth, not one cracked or decayed, and with an enamel as beautiful as polished marble. The bones were perfect in every detail, notwithstanding the fact that they must have been interred here for centuries. The entire absence of vegetable matter in the soil and the perfect drainage would account for the preservation of the bony structure.

Of the whole number of skeletons thus far found only two indicate immature development, the remainder representing the framework of a race of men evidently extinct for centuries. This is certainly the first discovery of skeletons in which the characteristic development of giants has been observed. It is thought by local scientists that these bones belong to a tribe of aborigines, but this theory cannot be fully established by the material structure of the skeleton.

Although no implements or ornaments were found buried with the bones, yet in close proximity many instruments of warfare and domestic utensils were found. They are mostly composed of stone, though some are composed of copper and a few of shell and bone. The stone implements are flint spears and arrow heads, and appear to be wrought with exceeding great skill. Pottery is found in great abundance. For many years specimens of these pots have been unearthed in this region, especially along the banks of the creek.

None of these skeletons was found in a separate grave, they being for the most part piled together in one conglomerate mass. Ten were found in one place in close contact, facing the setting sun, and arranged in a sitting posture. Many of the bones found farther down the bank and in a soil in which there was more vegetable matter crumbled to dust as soon as exposed to the atmosphere, and the symmetry of a single bone could not be distinguished.

Many traditions have been brought out since this discovery. One old settler has called to mind the fact that fifty years ago a tree was uprooted on this same spot, exposing three skeletons of gigantic dimensions, and as they were beneath the tree, it must have sprung up long after the bodies were buried.

Gen. Lew Wallace says he remembers the actions of a stranger, who several years ago spent many months digging along the banks of Sugar creek in search of a gold spoon supposed to have been buried long ago when this part of the country was inhabited by savage tribes, and the owner of the land on which these remains were found calls to mind a tradition often related by his grandfather that a Spanish treasure had been buried here in the long, long ago, when the country was a wilderness and Chicago a barren waste of impenetrable swamps.

The excavations are being continued, and it is thought that rich developments are in prospect, for there is not a foot of the soil removed that does not contain some relic or grinning skull.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

A Banking Institution Where Positions Are Hereditary.

A queer case of family succession in a well-known financial institution of the city is told by the New York Daily Stockholder.

Joseph Kisterbook, Jr., who is now the president of the City national bank, is the son of the former vice president, who was for many years an active spirit as a director also. The present president entered the bank as a boy and he has filled every position. Joel Cook, the vice president, is a son also of a former director, says the Philadelphia Record.

William Potter, one of the active directors, is a son of Thomas Potter, who was for years, until his death, the president of the bank. Collins W. Walton, another director, is a son of Samuel S. Walton, who was connected with the institution for many years. Henry S. Grove, another director, is a son of Conrad S. Grove, who, until his death, was also for many years a member of the board of directors. John Kisterbook, another director, is the brother of the present president.

William Henry Lex, another director, succeeded his father, Charles E. Lex, who was for a long period solicitor for the bank, as well as a director. F. Oden Horstmann, another director, is the son of William H. Horstmann, who was also identified with the institution for a long time.

Now African Women Get Disgraced. The women of a certain African tribe distort their countenances by thrusting pieces of wood and crystal into their upper lips. They begin with small pieces and gradually increase the size until pieces of incredible dimensions are thus carried and their lips are transformed beyond recognition. The muscles are so affected that when they smile the lip is drawn upward almost to the eyes, producing an effect that is most ludicrous.

HARASSED BY A NAME.

McGinty Talks of Disposing of His Patronymic Very Cheaply.

"I am sorely annoyed and harassed by a name," said a dapper little man with keen gray eyes and a fine mustache to a St. Louis Republic reporter. "I bear a name that for centuries has been borne with pride and that to my positive knowledge has never been disgraced. It is an honorable name and is associated with many of man's greatest achievements. And yet in these degenerate days of the comic-song writer and his arch-conspirator, the wandering minstrel, my name is weighing down my ambitions and my hopes of prosperity and posterity. My name is McGinty—Michael J. McGinty—but not one man in fifty to whom I am introduced believes either my introducer or myself when with the most dignified solemnity we assure him that that is my real cognomen.

"I have surrendered all hope of ever utilizing the telephone, for as soon as the man at the other end of the line asks me who it is that has rung him up and I tell him McGinty he rails at me for disturbing him with my jokes and snappishly rings me off. I never attempt to introduce myself to anyone as other men do, for I would only be considered an impostor who was trying to disguise his identity for some sinister motives or a person entirely too fresh. About the queerest experience that my name has occasioned me occurred last summer on one of those magnificent steamboats that ply the Hudson. I joined a party of friends for an excursion up the river. In the party was one of the most beautiful young women I ever saw. I at once sought an introduction to her, and imagine my heartburns and chagrin when I was introduced to Miss Rooney. I tried to relieve the embarrassment we both felt by my making some jocular remark about the singular coincidence, but Miss Rooney wouldn't have it. Her great, liquid eyes filled with tears and she turned her back on me. All this may seem funny to you and other people, but I tell you the thing has gone so far that there is no fun in it to me."

NEGRO WEALTH IN LOUISIANA.

It Is Least Where the Negroes Outnumber the Whites and Run Politics.

A recent act of the legislature requires that in making the assessment of the state the property of the whites and negroes shall be assessed separately, so as to determine the progress made by the latter and how much they contribute towards the negro schools; and with the design, possibly, that under certain circumstances the taxes paid by the negroes shall be set aside for the public schools, and that paid by the whites for the white schools.

The assessments are not favorable to the negroes. They show a total for the country parishes of only \$6,793,267, to be divided among half a million negroes, which gives \$13.60 as the per capita wealth of each negro. The school tax on the property is only \$1.00, so that if the taxes should be apportioned, as has been proposed in several states, there would be barely \$0 in each parish for colored schools.

Some of the parishes make an even worse showing. In Lafourche the average property per negro is only \$5.50; in Assumption, also a rich sugar parish, the assessment is only \$6.87, the lowest in the state. In St. John it is \$8.10, and St. Charles \$9.25.

The last three parishes are all rich sugar parishes and have a large majority of negroes, who control political affairs and elect all the local officers, yet it seems that the negroes are poorer there than anywhere else in the state. In St. Tammany parish, however, where they are in a minority, they average \$62.40 apiece and own 25 per cent. of all the property in the parish, and in Cameron, where the whites are in an overwhelming majority, the negroes average \$31.60 per capita.

The assessments clearly prove that where the negroes are congregated in large bodies and are in a majority, no matter how rich the soil and whether or not they are in political control, they are comparatively poor, and that they are best off where the whites outnumber them, although the soil is poorer.

DRESSMAKERS' CHIN.

If a Tailor Talked So to a Customer He Would Get Knocked Down.

"I am not particularly vain," said a New York belle, "but when I leave the average dressmaker I am a mere abject smudge of myself. I know many a woman will lift up her voice with me over the way we are treated by the average dressmaker. We protest faintly about a wrinkle around the shoulder. 'Well, you see, madam, your left shoulder is so much higher than your right it is almost impossible.' We flush and say never mind. 'Then, of course, that style of sleeve needs a full arm. I should not have chosen that sleeve for you myself,' and a person with round shoulders can't expect her back to set real straight, or 'the present style is trying to a person of long neck, like yours.' She admits the general effect of the gown is 'dumpy,' but then you do incline to that build, and, of course, it can't be blamed on the dressmaker. 'If your chest was fuller your dress would button more even. If the hips were regular the skirt wouldn't sag. You walk along without crutches and thinking what a bad job nature made of you anyhow.'"

A Nickel Problem.

The nickel-in-the-slot-machine has found a new application. A garden folding chair of iron is standing in a walk in the botanical garden at Berlin, Germany, with a slot in it. If you drop a nickel into it you can easily put down the seat and sit on it. As soon as you relieve the seat of your weight it will immediately fold up again. Thus every time you rise you have to part with another nickel. The inventor proposes to change this by enabling the sitter to make the chair keep open when he rises. If he does so, a whole company might use the chair one after another for one nickel. How can he prevent that?

CLEVER HUMOR.

It makes no difference how ambitious a man may be to excel; at this season he can endure being "thrown into the shade."—Boston Courier.

"Well, if that ain't mean," exclaimed the prisoner; "every durned one o' the stories in this here paper they've got me to read is continued. An' me to be hung next week."—Indianapolis Journal.

"How many hours a day do you work?" asked one of the relatives of a government appointee. "Houahs!" the young man echoed in dismay. "Gwreat heavens, man, do you think I dwive a street car?"—Washington Star.

He Found It Was.—Judge (to prisoner)—"You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by enclosing her in a folding bed. What have you to say for yourself?" Prisoner—"Your honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. MANHATTAN (speaking to a young widow from Chicago)—"Your mamma is truly remarkable for her poise, Mrs. Livewait." Mrs. Livewait—"Oh, thanks. Yes, mamma is no slouch at pastry. Her minces and lemon-ones are really delicious."—Yenowine's News.

PEOPLE IN POLITICS.

CHAIRMAN HACKETT of the New York republican state executive committee is a short and compactly built man and a direct talker.

SUCCESSIVE generations of the Allin family of Harrodsburg, Ky., have been in office continuously as circuit or county clerk since 1784.

COL. ROBERT H. CROCKETT, democratic candidate for congress in the Sixth Arkansas district, is a grandson of the famous Davy Crockett.

DR. J. B. CHAFFILL, prohibition nominee for vice president, is editing the Texas Baptist Standard. He is thirty-five years of age and was brought up as a cowboy.

SENATOR WALTHALL, of Mississippi, is described as the most picturesque of surviving confederate generals. He is tall and slender, "with a mane of black hair that is striking in appearance."

WITH THE MUSICIANS.

SOTRA's band—the one he is now organizing for Chicago—will be a prominent participant in the world's fair dedication exercises next October.

EMMA NEVADA, the American singer, was recently given a dinner at Gibraltar by the officers of the king's royal rifles. Her husband, Dr. Palmer, was the only male civilian present.

JULES MASSENET is regarded by many people as the most popular musician in Paris. An American acquaintance describes him as talking faster and displaying more energy than any other man in the French capital.

REMENTI, the violinist, has a rare collection of African ethnological relics which includes over fifteen human specimens, and he has applied for a space of not less than four hundred square feet at the world's fair in which to exhibit this rich collection.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THERE are people seen eating lamb chops who look disconsolate because they cannot eat the bone as well as the meat.

It is the man who understands the greatest number of things that is the most tolerant of those he doesn't understand.

Don't be discouraged by mistakes. The most successful men in the world would do lots of things differently if they could do them over.

GREAT pleasure and comfort can be given an invalid by changing not only the position of the articles of furniture in the room, but the pictures.

We are pleased with the compliments of the flatterer, because we wish to believe them true; but we despise him because we know that they are not.—Good Housekeeping.

SUMMER BREEZES.

"I'm going to write a book on 'How to live on nothing a year.'" "It can't be done." "It can, I have a recipe." "What is it?" "Marry a rich girl."—Dramatic Life.

"But why don't you send for Dr. Maaher, Aunt Jane? He's the cleverest doctor in the whole country!" "Oh, my dear, I couldn't. He dresses so irrationally."—London Punch.

So It Was.—"This is a crazy sort of a safe," said one of the burglars, after they had blown it open. "Yes," replied the other, "I'll admit it's a little cracked."—Detroit Free Press.

CHOLLY (recounting his experience)—"Weally, that girl is awfully clever, y' know. Why—aw—before I could—aw—get my mind made up to propose, y' know, she had aw—already declined me."—N. Y. Herald.

LARGE GARDEN PRODUCTS.

THERE are at Colfax, Wash., five strawberries whose combined weight is three-quarters of a pound.

A PLANTER in Apalachicola, Fla., has grown an immense cabbage; a single stalk with four well-developed heads.

In a garden at Marietta, Ga., there is a volunteer sunflower plant 11 feet 5 1/2 inches above ground and 6 1/2 inches in circumference.

A BLOOD beet measuring 15 inches in length, 14 inches in circumference and weighing 4 pounds is a curiosity of St. Tammany, La.

DABLEGRAMS FROM EUROPE.

PARIS eats 1,000 horses weekly. A STREET in Germany is paved with India rubber.

CONSTANTINOPLE is the most drunken city in the world.

ADIVORCE can be obtained in St. Helena for less than \$7.50.

THE coffee palaces of Melbourne are the finest in the world.

THERE are said to be 1,000 so-called haunted houses in London. A DEALER in artificial limbs estimates that 300,000 Englishmen have lost one or both legs.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

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